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In Memoriam.

Rev. James D. Wilson, D.D.

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James D. Wilson

LATE PASTOR CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, NEW YORK.

IN MEMORIAM

OF

REV. JAMES D. WILSON, D. D.

FOR NINETEEN YEARS THE BELOVED PASTOR

OF THE

CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

NEW YORK.

BORN SPRING MILLS, PA., APRIL 3, 1836.

DIED NEW YORK, MAY 14, 1888.

"THE MEMORY OF THE JUST IS BLESSED."

1888.

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PREFACE.

JUST after midnight of Sabbath, May 13, 1888, which closed the Day of Rest, REV. JAMES D. WILSON, D.D., the beloved Pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church, New York, entered upon his eternal rest.

For five years he had manfully struggled with disease. His devoted congregation had from time to time accorded him seasons of protracted rest; but such was his devotion to duty and his loved mission to win souls to Christ that he continued in his work when he was physically unequal to the task.

On the first Sabbath of June of last year he administered the Communion for the last time and was given a long period of rest with the hope of complete restoration to health.

On last Easter Day he appeared before the congregation to administer baptism and until within a few days before his death it was expected he would be able to resume his pulpit and pastoral duties about first October next.

But the great Head of the Church who loves His people and His servants, and never makes a mistake, had ordered otherwise.

New complications of his disease unexpectedly developed, and despite the efforts of the best medical skill, threatened his life. Yet on that Sabbath Day, his last on earth, he penned in the morning a line to the congregation asking an interest in their prayers.

He very rapidly sank and realizing in the afternoon that he must soon leave all, he calmly and cheerfully sent messages of tender love and interest to the people to whom for nineteen years he had so faithfully ministered; and gave his parting directions and messages to his bereaved family to whom he was so devotedly attached.

He assured all "I know which way the door will open and it is all right." He peacefully resigned his spirit to the God who gave it and for Whom he had for twenty-five years been a faithful minister.

Good men never die for their works live after them.

As a tender memorial of him who has gone, the following pages have been compiled in order that his beloved family, devoted congregation and hosts of friends might have in permanent form a constant reminder and aid to encourage them to follow him as he followed Christ.

J. Y.

August, 1888.

FUNERAL SERVICES.

ON Tuesday afternoon, May 15th, 1888 the funeral services of REV. DR. WILSON, were held in the Central Presbyterian Church.

The immediate family and the pall-bearers; Messrs. William Mickens, Wm. E. Magie, Dr. Wm. A. Ewing, James Yereance, Charles Simpson, Robert Wilson, Samuel Y. Clark, Samuel Inslee, A. P. M. Roome, John M. Scribner, John H. Drummond and George Weed, met at the Pastor's residence where prayer was offered by the Rev. Charles Hall Everest, D. D.

The remains were then borne to the church.

The building was crowded, with Members of Presbytery, Delegates from Amherst College, Trustees and Alumni, Members of the Congregation and Sabbath School and sympathizing friends.

The remains were met at the Church vestibule by the officiating clergymen and all the officers of the Church, and borne to the catafalque before the pulpit from which the deceased Pastor had so long and faithfully preached Christ.

The building was draped in mourning and many beautiful floral offerings surrounded the casket, a fragrant testimony to the love of the people.

The following was the

ORDER OF SERVICE:

INVOCATION, Rev. S. L. Hillier, Pastor Mizpah Chapel.

ANTHEM, - - - - - - - - - - Choir.

SCRIPTURE READING, - Rev. C. H. Everest, D. D.

HYMN, - - "Asleep in Jesus," - - ———

ADDRESS, Rev. Albert Erdman, D. D., Morristown.

HYMN, - - "Jesus Lover of My Soul," - Tune Refuge.

ADDRESS, - - Rev. J. R. Kerr, D. D., New York.

HYMN, - "One Sweetly Solemn Thought," - ———

ADDRESS, - - Rev. R. R. Booth, D. D., New York.

CONCLUDING PRAYER AND BENEDICTION,

Rev. S. M. Hamilton, D. D.

ADDRESS

OF

REV. ALBERT ERDMAN, D.D.,

Pastor South Street Presbyterian Church, Morristown, N. J.

MAN'S words seem mean and meagre, when one stands by the dead body of a dearly loved friend. And yet to be permitted to speak the heart's praise in memory of a brave and noble life is no slight privilege.

It is well and fitting here to-day, amid these sorrowful surroundings, to remind ourselves anew of the worth of a good name, and how blessed a thing it is to spend and be spent, even unto death, in the loving service of Him, our Lord and Saviour, who gave Himself for us.

This dear brother whose face we shall see no more here, but whose sweet memory we shall ever tenderly cherish, was given of God a double honor. It was permitted him by his Lord to serve Him many years in a faithful, self-denying and successful ministry of the

blessed Gospel; and then to prove, through long, weary months, in a body wasting with pain and on a bed of weary yet willing suffering, the completeness of his consecration to his Master, and the gracious power of God's love to comfort and sustain His afflicted children. It was given to JAMES WILSON to show how grand a thing it is to be "strong, doing or suffering." The crown he shall wear was wrought out through long and faithful service, and then burnished and beautified in the fires of affliction. It's a crown of righteousness and of glory. This makes a completed life, be its years many or few.

I have no formal address to make, I wish only to speak out of a full heart of my dear old friend and comrade. About 28 years ago our real acquaintance began. Three young men met within the walls of Union Theological Seminary, who, for the space of two years, were constantly together. One of them was he whose body lies before us, another is now laboring in the far West. The latter, being an old friend and my room-mate, brought his friend and college-mate into the circle of our friendship. We three saw much of each other. Hardly a day passed, that we were not more or less together. We studied God's word together, we prayed

together, we discussed and talked together on all possible subjects, after the fashion of student friends, while in our hours of recreation we were inseparable. On leaving the Seminary, for several years our paths were wide apart, but still, by correspondence and occasional reunions, we ever kept in touch with one another. By and by our paths brought us close together again, Wilson here in New York, Gardner in Hoboken, myself an hour's ride away, so that we met frequently, keeping up our social intercourse, following the same lines of study, discussing plans and methods of Church work and Sermon making, counselling together, encouraging one another. And this continued for years.

Through all these years, this dear brother was ever the same genial, warm-hearted, unselfish, pure-minded Christian man; and I say here to-day, standing in this presence, not, I never knew James Wilson do a mean thing, but this, I never knew him to do a thing that was not perfectly honorable and generous. It may be there were things, he would not be willing to have the world know; all I can say is, that through all those years of closest intimacy and the unreserve and perfect freedom of young men's intercourse, whether in word or act, I never knew any such thing. Having no taint

of meanness in himself, he could not imagine it in others. His friendship was whole-hearted, unselfish, generous. We called each other to the last by our old familiar boy's names. Though meeting less frequently in these later years, as the burden of work and cares increased, whenever we met, his was the same warm-hearted, boyish greeting as of old. There was something irresistible in the hearty grip of his hand and the impulsive, boyish fling of his arm around your neck—I can feel it now—revealing the confiding, impulsive, generous heart that was in him.

Another trait in our friend's character was a frank simplicity accompanying earnest and deep convictions, a childlike unconsciousness of doing anything for effect or for self. He was so empty of self, that he was as quick to admire anything fine in others, as if he had done it himself. Often in the mutual interchange of ideas and methods of working out sermons, he would snatch up one of his finely wrought discourses and read some of its striking passages with a glow of enthusiasm, as if he were reading the work of another, utterly unconscious that one who did not know him, might consider him an egotist. But nothing was more foreign to his nature than egotism—he was too good a man, too

noble and highminded, a pure, manly Christian gentleman.

These traits are all the more striking, in that they were found in a nature that had a deep undertone of sadness in it. Gloominess and depression would have been entirely natural to our brother, had the grace of the Divine Spirit permitted him to give way to natural feelings.

As you looked into his large frank eyes, you were conscious of something pathetic and appealing in their depths, as one may sometimes see in the finer strains of the dumb brute creation. It was doubtless evidence of the physical suffering he endured, long before he was compelled to yield to its power; but it was also the sign of a nature in quick and sensitive sympathy with suffering in others, and especially in loving sympathy with the Divine Sufferer,—"the man of sorrows and acquainted with grief."

Dr. Wilson's *preaching* was always interesting and instructive, unfailing in its suggestiveness, often eloquent and full of touching pathos, the beaten gold of his own large hearted, sympathetic nature and personal spiritual experience. But still more it had this great secret of success,—*the man behind the sermon.* He

loved preaching, he yearned to save souls, he was an enthusiast in his work, he delighted to spend and be spent in it, he loved his people.

We pastors, doubtless, sometimes in the confidence of friendship, speak of things, that perhaps reflect upon the faithfulness of our people. I do not know, perhaps this people are unlike other congregations and there is nothing but what is to be commended—anyhow, I can say this, your pastor never, by even a hint, suggested that his people were other than what was right and noble and generous. If there was any slackness, any want of interest in the Master's service, if the work of the Church seemed to drag, your pastor had no word of blame for you, he took the blame to himself—the fault was in him, and he redoubled his own diligence, and with a deeper sense of his consecration, gave himself to the work. And I fancy, my brethern of the ministry, that is the true way to overcome the indifference or slowness of our people, of which we are oft times tempted to complain. And you, his people, who mourn the loss of your pastor, you have been a true and devoted people, but none too much so. Your pastor not only returned your esteem and love many fold, but he also gave himself utterly and completely to you and for you.

But I have said enough, I trust no one will think it is in fulsome eulogy—"Every good thing," in our brother, "was in Christ Jesus." His work is done, but it was not done, till the Lord Christ, whom he so ardently loved and served, had set the seal of suffering —"the patience of the saints"—upon it.

Why he should be laid aside and called away in the very prime of his manhood, is a mystery it were idle to seek to solve. Life is full of such mysteries. This we know, there are no unfinished lives among God's elect, and who die in the Lord. They who fall in the first shock and onset of the battle have served as faithfully, as they who are borne off the field with the shout of victory ringing in their ears.

The widow's God and the Father of the fatherless deal gently with these broken-hearted ones. Sweet are the words of the old German saying, "They who love one another in the Lord, never see each other for the last time." The great Head of the Church will supply all the need of this bereaved people. The unselfish devotion of this pastor's life and the divine aroma of his name, will yet constrain careless and unsaved ones, to whom so earnestly his words appealed, to turn to the Saviour on whose bosom he rests.

We must look up, not down, if we would know the significance of this life and death.

> "We revere, and while we hear
> The tides of music's golden sea
> Setting towards Eternity,
> Uplifted high in heart and hope are we,
> Until we doubt not that for one so true,
> There must be other nobler work to do."

ADDRESS.

REV. JOSEPH R. KERR, D. D.,

Pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, N. Y. City.

THE path to the sepulchre is the saddest and loneliest on the face of the earth. Although it is always thronged with mourners, yet it is never so full but there is room for us and our burden which we are carrying to put away in the appointed place. When the Christ walked over this path to the grave of Lazarus He burst into tears; when He turned into it to go towards the middle cross his soul was exceeding sorrowful, and when the little company of men and women bore his torn body through the garden—not even the garden with its bloom and fruitage could make the way less drear or the shadows less sombre.

It is true that Resurrection has transpired and Paul has shouted defiance at death and the grave, but that same Paul has written sentence after sentence in which he concedes the need of God's best and bravest chil-

dren to be soothed and sustained in this part of life's pilgrimage. But it is not merely the path that distresses us to-day, it is most of all the loss we have sustained in the departure of our friend whose liberated soul is far ahead and out of sight. It is difficult to realize that all that our eyes can see, all that our hands can touch is this worn and wasted frame once sensitive with life, ruddy with health and filled with noble manhood. And it is a pain to remember that the foot has crossed our threshold for the last time, the lips have uttered their last kindness to our hearts, and that this remnant of frozen clay is soon to be mingled with its kindred dust. A young man in his mortal illness once said to me: "It is not so hard for me to die now." I replied; "No, but it is hard for us to let you die now!" The hardest thing may be for us who have to stay behind, getting no further than the sides of the bed or the edge of the mound, and who must adjust ourselves to the new necessity of doing without the absent who sends us no messages and never returns.

I sometimes try to imagine how it all looks to God who sees on both sides of the vail—the exceeding and eternal weight of glory, and the affliction not joyous but grievous; the emancipated spirit lost in raptures,

the earthly eyes lost in tears. Surely, He does see that it is harder for those who stay, than for those who go; and when we open the Scriptures it is to find that He does consider and come to us holding our trust that it may not break, putting our tears into His bottle. Therefore, I know of nothing better just now than the sense of the Divine nearness, of Christ's sympathy, of the blessed Spirit's grace ordering all, sustaining through all.

Our brother is with God, and why should we not be with Him too? For him the Presence is magnificent, for us there is not the vivid splendor but rather that quiet subdued half-light so grateful to the soul when it is suffering and submitting. There is comfort in such thought for the way does not seem so oppressive, nor our worst loss so infinite when we are able to exclaim —"He is at my right hand." It is like the child whom I met at a funeral. As the family went forward to look down into the casket ere it was lowered, the child crept to his father's side, and the little trembling fingers were clasped in the strong ones of the man, and I thought of that Messianic promise—"I the Lord have called thee in righteousness and will hold thine hand, and will keep thee." Ah! *that* holding of the hand!

It is for you and me just as much as it was for the divine Son—indeed it is through Him now that we feel ourselves cheered and supported, as His own sweet assurance is recalled—"Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." That is to the very end of the path!

Why should we falter then? "Yea, though we walk through the valley of the shadow of death we will fear no evil. Goodness and mercy shall follow us all the days of our life, and our dwelling place shall be in the house of the Lord forever."

These were the feelings of our dear brother who has left us—he had company to the very end of the path; he feared nothing, for he knew Whom he believed and that He was able to keep that committed unto His care.

This was ancestral faith—in it he lived, in it he labored, in it he has passed to his reward. In the many changes of his life he never changed his Master, in everything that engaged his abilities and claimed his service he was ever an enthusiast for the Gospel and the Church. Only his Lord has kept count of all that he gave of his time, his money, his talent, his influence in behalf of the truth. They were very intimate as disciple and Master, nothing ever came between them and

they rejoiced in each other. My association with him during the past twelve years was both pleasant and precious. I found him always a helping force in the common worship and work. It was an advantage to kindle him upon any pious or benevolent interest for he always kindled you—the flame and the heat became so great that in spite of yourself you caught fire. He was an enthusiast with regard to evangelistic effort, and threw all of himself into special meetings for the awakening of the careless and the rescuing of the lost. His face beamed over childhood—his heart, voice and hand were ever ready in its behalf. At the centennial services held some years ago in the church which I serve, he made an address to the little folk gathered at his feet. He spoke tenderly of his aged father then living, and testified of the faithful religious training received from him, and then he plead for each child's heart to be given to Jesus and promised honor and blessing and everlasting life to each donor.

Ye young people thronging the galleries of this church to-day, from the Sabbath-school and the homes in which he was so interested, need I tell you that he loved you with a great love and prayed for you with a holy devotion. Look down toward this enflowered

dust, look just once more upon features so familiar and so gentle, and be thankful that you have enjoyed his friendship and his care. He was especially fond of young men, and ready to do anything in his power to advance their best interests. When in their society he was not frivolous or worldly, but genial and dignified, commanding loving confidence as well as high respect. Certainly to one and all here present—out in the great commercial strife, in the ties of fraternity, in the social fellowships of varied scenes and efforts, he was evidently and invariably a pure, unselfish man, with nothing artificial in his character, fearless in his convictions, persistent in his purposes, broad in his charity, genuine in his forgiveness and unimpeachable in his integrity. He was a good son, a kind brother, a devoted husband, an affectionate father, a true friend, a faithful preacher and a tireless pastor.

He was strongly attached to his parish. He was indefatigable in his devotion to it. He felt that he had been the means under God of bringing it to its present highly prosperous condition and he was zealous for its yet greater development.

This church has been honored as well as blessed by his loving ministry, and I am grateful that he was

made to know and feel its unfaltering appreciation. The last time I was in his room he remarked to me with happiness in tone and look: "The Lord has given me a grand people, they are so thoughtful, so patient, so liberal," I caught his hand and answered: "Like priest like people." You had been so long together friends, that you grew to be much alike. Yes, you loved him and he knew it, and he is perhaps talking about you to-day in heaven.

Cherish his memory, preserve his admonition and instruction, expect yet richer replies to his supplication in your favor, and always seek to live that you may be with him again after while in the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

My brethren in the ministry and work of the church, shall we not be thankful at this hour that this member of our brotherhood has made such a record and has now gone up higher to wait for our coming and bid us welcome. Let us be sanctified afresh by this which has befallen us, and be increasingly diligent to be found of our Lord in fidelity and peace.

I may not intrude upon those who were nearest and dearest to this friend of ours; those who are trembling with the grief of widowhood and orphanage; in the

midst of great public sympathy and Christian concern. I would but have them kept in the fellowship of the Comforter whose mission it is to teach the poor human heart to say—"Thy will be done," and also to seal the trusting soul with the peace which the world cannot give and cannot take away.

Grace mercy and peace be upon us all through Jesus Christ. Amen.

REV. ROBERT RUSSELL BOOTH, D.D., pastor of the Rutgers Presbyterian Church, made the concluding address:

He vividly recalled his first meeting with Dr. Wilson, when the latter was yet a seminary student, at a mission school on the east side of the city and how lovingly the young student sought to win the scholars to trust in and love the Lord Christ.

He also bore affectionate tribute to Dr. Wilson as a member of the same Presbytery, of the love and confidence reposed him by his colleagues, and referred to the special services in the church in January 1886 and the joy and satisfaction with which the speaker had labored with the Pastor during those weeks of ingathering of souls into the membership of this church

At the conclusion of the solemn and deeply interesting services, opportunity was afforded the great audience to view for the last time the peaceful features of the sainted Pastor, who seemed to rest smilingly in a sweet sleep.

For more than an hour the throng passed quietly in two lines by the casket.

The same evening the remains were conveyed to Lewisburg, Pa., for interment.

INTERMENT AT LEWISBURG, PA., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 16, 1888.

The remains, on arrival at Lewisburg, were taken to the residence of Wm. C. Deenean Esq., a relative, where at 11 o'clock services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Davis, pastor of the Presbyterian church at Tyrone, Pa., and Rev. J. B. Grier, pastor of the Presbyterian church at Lewisburg.

The address of Rev. J. B. Grier concluded as follows:

* * * * And now be pleased to indulge me in a few words of personal tribute to the memory of this excellent man. He was one of those persons whose very presence is stimulating and whom one feels better for having met. On the occasion of our first and only meeting, aside from a brief exchange of letters about a year ago, his ingenuous, cordial manner won my heart in a moment; and I believe that had circumstances brought us often together he was a man whom I could not but have dearly loved. Such a man, having so firm a hold upon the affections of all who knew him, is in no need of formal eulogy. And yet if I allow myself to refer to him at all, and if I take account of the pro-

found regard which you all cherished for him, I could bear no testimony to his character that should not be full of panegyric and should not come warm and glowing from my heart. To speak indifferently or with mere cold propriety of Dr. Wilson would be affected and insincere. I dare say it is well that I had not an intimate acquaintance with your dear friend lest upon this occasion I should hardly make an end of drawing upon my memories of him and bitterly lamenting his sudden decease. I can readily believe that he was, indeed, an earnest, faithful pastor; diligent and conscientious in his preparation for the pulpit, and a manly and effective preacher. His features were essentially intellectual; and I should not need to have met him more than once to make sure of him as a man of native refinement, genial, affable, urbane; a singularly attractive and lovable man, with not an enemy, but with hosts of friends, and above all a most devout and exemplary follower and unwearied servant of the Lord Jesus Christ.

"Lord, let me die the death of the righteous man and let my last end be like his."

After the services the remains were conveyed to the Lewisburg Cemetery and laid to rest beside his two departed children.

Memorial services were held Sabbath evening, June 10, 1888, pursuant to the following cards of invitation issued.

SPECIAL SERVICES.

IN MEMORIAM

OF THEIR LATE PASTOR

REV. JAMES D. WILSON, D. D.

WILL BE HELD BY THE

CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

West 57th St. bet Broadway and 7th Ave.,

SABBATH EVENING, JUNE 10th, 1888,

AT 7.45.

Messages from the Pastor will be delivered by

COL. ELLIOTT F. SHEPARD,

Memorial Sermon will be preached by

REV. S. B. ROSSITER, D.D.

You are respectfully invited to attend and requested to extend this invitation.

The church was thronged to its utmost capacity. Not only was every seat in the church fully occupied but all the available chairs were placed in the aisles and yet large numbers were obliged to stand during the entire service.

The following was the

ORDER OF SERVICE.

ANTHEM—"The day is past and gone,"—*Woodward*, CHOIR.

SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS, - REV. C. H. EVEREST, D.D.,

HYMN—"Servant of God well done," - CONGREGATION.

PRAYER, - - - - - - REV. S. L. HILLIER.

OFFERTORY—"The Lord is my shepherd,"—*M'farren*, CHOIR.

MEMORIAL SERMON - - - REV. S. B. ROSSITER, D.D.

MESSAGES from the late Pastor to the Congregation—

Delivered to and by COL. ELLIOTT F. SHEPARD.

HYMN—(written for this occasion) - MALE QUARTETTE.

PRAYER,

CLOSING HYMN—"Hark, hark, my soul," CONGREGATION.

BENEDICTION.

SERMON

IN MEMORIAL OF

REV. JAMES D. WILSON, D.D.,

delivered by

REV. S. B. ROSSITER, D. D.,

Pastor North Presbyterian Church, New York City.

HEB. XI, 4.—And he, being dead, yet speaketh.

IN memory of the dead: thank God there are no dead. The righteous never die. In memory then of the living, whom God has taken to be with him forever, are we met together this night. You in memory of a Pastor beloved and honored. And I, (for I speak not to you but among you) in memory of a dear friend and brother whose name becomes dearer as I dwell upon it.

How strange a thing is the human heart! A power within us to select and strongly love another: a loyalty that burns on undimmed through changes, age and death: a fidelity that works on through discourage-

ments, oppositions and persecutions, and never loses confidence in the person of its choice: fickle, fluttering, overborne at times by the power of opposition but righting itself and turning again to its true mate. Underneath the world's fashions and the world's work, lies the human heart, the cause and spring of by far the greater part of what is best and true in the world.

What variety of affections it is capable of: the school boy's fancy; the first distinct election of companions; the youth's impulsive preference for righteous causes; the distinct enthusiasm for some political leader; the choice of profession, the love of hearts mated and twined in the counsels of God; the sweet and delicate affection of soul for spiritual guide, of people for pastor; the deep, sacred and abiding love of soul for Saviour.

What griefs it can feel too, the first disappointment, the first loss, the storm of unrestrained tears, the subdued but painful aching of the heart, the hurt of which no one knows but God, the valley of shadows, Bochim the place of weeping; child raining tears upon the silent face of father or mother; wife or husband holding the heart, as it were, tight in the hand lest it burst, as she or he stands by the grave of

the other; the cloud and the rain of a people weeping for a beloved leader.

How strange a thing thou art, Oh human heart! that thou shouldst have a sort of pathetic pleasure in grief: there come times to you when you can be comforted only by tears; when you must have a surfeit of weeping, when you must visit a grave, when you must talk to some one about your beloved; and lifting the flood gates upon thoughts and memories long restrained you let the current rush forth, and you find calm, comfort, peace, rest in such unburdening and take up the load of your lives again with fortitude if not with cheer and go on again, until the treasure house is again full and again must find relief in tears and recollections. Who shall strike a balance between thy joys and thy pains, Oh human heart!

How holy is this place. Under the cover of these walls a life has flamed and burned for many years. In the adjoining room he stood and taught and plead with children; or in the services for the people expounded with fidelity the word of God; or warmed by the downfall of the Spirit upon itself pleaded the cause of the Master and urged instant acceptance of the claims of it.

And this place; this familiar place, these aisles,

these pews, these galleries which he looked upon from Sabbath to Sabbath; able to discern the one vacant seat among a thousand and questioning instantly "I wonder where the occupant is to-day" and the pastor's heart unwearily anxious and prayerful.

And this pulpit! Do you realize what a sacred place a pulpit becomes to a minister after long years of service. Towards this he looks for the six days of the week, the current of his thought sets towards it. He reads with the pulpit in view, he gathers of heart experiences for the purpose of making the pulpit rich and profitable. The burden of his prayers are for the pulpit, and when the Sabbath comes he enters it with a burden and a hope on his mind that can not be lifted but by the exercises of the day. He stands here and prays and the whole force of consecrated experience rushes up toward God like the spouting of a spring. He speaks and gives to his people the wealth of his reading and Bible study and talks with God; and the pulpit is to him the stepping stone to the gate of Paradise. There is not a minister in the land but would gladly speak his last message and drop dead in his pulpit. I do not wonder that an aged servant of God who had served his church for 40 years and

compelled to resign because of age and infirmities, should die a week after. Retired clergymen, unemployed clergymen, long for it as a Scotchman for his native heather, or a child for his home. Forgive them if they sometimes seem to cling to it after usefulness is gone, and are loth to step down from a place so sacred and so beloved.

How holy is this time. In this place when every gas jet, and color on the wall and rows of pews and familiar faces, and sacred desk, and speaking organ are suggestive of a presence that once made the place a soul's home, we have met to lift the flood gates and let memories rush out; to surfeit ourselves with recollections, to satisfy the longing of the hearts with words about our beloved; to find a peace, a comfort, a repose in the grand and masterly thought that God doeth all things well and that some *better* thing can come to every one of us by his departure than by his stay among us. God help us to see and believe that.

I have in my mind's eye the picture of the man in whose memory we are met to-night. I shall not soon forget it. Neither will you. Certainly *you* will not, who saw him step from seminary halls into the pulpit he first occupied in this city, with the vigor and en-

thusiasm of youth upon his features. A slight figure *then* and ever since; raven locks at that time which in these last years have shown the silver threads scattered thickly among them; erect and lithe at that time but in these latter years a little bent, with creases deepening on the face; a step a little slower than it used to be and a little diminishing of vitality. Do not wonder at it, for this man carried many burdens, did much work, struggled among many anxieties, and made many decisions when grave issues were involved and there is nothing so exhaustive to mental and moral force as the making of decisions. A clear cut face, always smoothly shaven; an eye bold and bright; an orator's mouth large and flexible; humor hiding in the corners of it; features that would kindle and light under the inspiration of his thought or the power of his emotions, nervous in temperament and nervous in action, with habit of gravity and yet kind and hospitable. Such was the person who, with smile and extended hand, used to greet you at that door Sabbath morning, and walk into the retiring room and at the pealing of the organ enter by that side door walking along that side aisle and enter this pulpit and seated in this chair, bow his head in prayer for strength and

grace for the day's service and for God's blessing upon you.

In the little village of Spring Mills, in the State of Penn., on April 3d, 1836 this life began to be. Pious parents rocked his cradle, taught him to pray and so impressed themselves on this sensitive boy's heart that there was no passion of his life stronger than his loyalty to father and mother.

Grown to young manhood he entered the academy at Academia in his native State and prepared for college. He chose Amherst as his Alma Mater and much of the dignity and earnestness and love of scholarship of this institution entered into his mental and moral life. This second mother that rocked the cradle of his intellectual life was only a degree *less* loved than the parent who taught his young feet to walk. While here at this institution occurred to him the greatest event that can occur to immortal soul in mortal body. A companion spoke to him about Jesus and about his duty to Him, and behold, the Holy Spirit used the simple words to effect a transformation as great as darkness changed to light, or silence to music, or death to life. The current of his being was changed. His life now set towards Christ and the Gospel. A new

power had entered his soul. He was born again and the work of his life began to take shape before him.

Graduating from Amherst in 1860 he entered the Union Theological Seminary in the same fall, came under the influence of the earnest and godly men of this institution, had his impressions deepened; had his purpose directed and stepped from its class rooms ready to do work for his Master. If we should take an inventory of this young man's powers at this time, we would find, he had a pleasing address, a sympathetic nature that was greatly to be drawn upon in time to come, a pains-taking mind, a conscience, a power of self-denial, and an element of character for which we have no name in our vocabulary, viz : a willingness to take risks for his Lord. It is more than bravery. It is more than heroism. It is the same kind of high courage that leads men to volunteer for the forlorn hope and risk life for the sake of victory and the army.

Mr. Wilson during the seminary course had preached in Spring Street Church and after his graduation accepted a call from the earnest and heroic people there and notwithstanding members of the Presbytery advised the young man not to wed himself to a failing cause, he, with that spirit that I have just mentioned

that would venture all for God, accepted the pastorate and entered upon work. How shall I describe that early pastorate? I could give you the statistics of the work but who can get an idea of the life that burns behind statistics, or from the mere summary of meetings held, organizations formed and souls brought into the church? I wish I could tell you, and you not think it overdrawn, of the restless, zealous, sympathetic, spiritual life that flamed in that old church and darted along those streets around the church. He, with the help of other faithful men saved that church. He made marks on souls that eternity will not erase; he started young men along the way of spiritual ascent who will never stop going until they are lost in the bosom of God.

In the year 1869 he accepted a call from the Central Presbyterian Church. For nineteen years he has labored among you with what energy and success this structure and this audience gathered to do him honor and Mispez Chapel also can testify. In connection with this work he was called to public services in the church. He was for many years a member of the most important Committee of Presbytery; a director of the Union Theological Seminary; a trustee of Am-

herst College, his Alma Mater which conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1879. I will not attempt to sum up all the works of that nineteen years' pastorate. I prefer to characterize it in terms which I am sure will secure your approval. It has been an earnest, hard-working, faithful, godly pastorate, and has been honored of God by large additions to the church and by much love given and received.

Such a life as that of Dr. Wilson is well worth a study on the part of young men and of ministers as well, from the very fact it was *not* an *extraordinary* life, but an *ordinary* life; an ordinary life however worked to the full of its powers; achieving success where many would have submitted to failure. We took an inventory of this young man's powers as he stepped forth into the world of action and took up his life work. Shall we attempt an analysis of his character in order to discover the principles which made him what he was and will make him long to be remembered by us? There are some things in a man's life that are soon forgotten. These are apt to be the least important. But there are some things that endure. These things come out with greater distinctness as we are farther removed from them. I

would like to touch for a moment the things in this man's make-up which I believe are destined to be long remembered by those who knew and loved him.

And the first, the honor he gave to his parents. This was more than a sentiment with him; it was a religion. He loved to go back to the old homestead and sit at that aged father's feet and listen to his words. He used to speak often of his father and always with delight and reverence. And, if this life of pastor is to become a model for young people in his school and church I pray them first of all to copy him in this, for there is no lesson needs to be taught and illustrated by living examples, in these our days so much as the lesson of the honoring of parents. "Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long in the land that the Lord thy God giveth thee." Ah! but you say to me the promise breaks down. He died at fifty-two. We answer you in the words of our text: "He being dead, yet speaketh." We believe in the immortality of influence. His days are to be many yet on this earth. He is to be remembered by you; he is to be a power in your lives until you too shall cease to be.

A second thing I see in him. A devotion to his

work. Dr. Wilson lived in his work. It was in his thoughts night and day and in his dreams. Everything was considered of secondary importance. He sacrificed many things for it. He denied himself many pleasures for the greater pleasure of seeing his work advance. He gave himself out freely and generously. He was at the call of his people at any time. He could not exclude himself from them. He could not have hours. He could not say come again. He has come to this pulpit in these later years when he had to cling to the rails for support, so weak was he, yet so determined. He honored God, and God honored him. And with what result: To have lived in New York City twenty-five years amid the competitions and temptations of city life and to have kept himself true to his work; kept his pulpit free from clap-trap and heresy; and kept himself at the same time unspotted of the world; to have served two congregations, in different parts of the same city, a distinction given to but very few; to have been so loved by both of them that they dispute the claim of loving him best, is a rare and significant record which testifies that sterling qualities and hard work were back of it.

I notice another element in his character. His power to sympathize with people. He was able to put himself in another's condition. He could appreciate circumstance; weigh the striking force of temptation without having felt it himself; could therefore the more easily condone faults and failings and at the same time hold erect and high the standard of right. This was a gift with him. God gave it to him as his special power to be used by him. By it he endeared himself to people. He drew near to people and people drew near to him. Hearts opened to his sympathetic touch and once entered therein he preached to them Jesus. Many have testified that they feel his loss as that of a personal friend. This power to give sympathy sprang from a sensitive temperament and such a temperament has its advantages and its disadvantages. It gives freely and craves as deeply. It can be hurt and deeply hurt and be silent about it though blood be trickling from the heart at the time. Perhaps you did not know this, but I did. Like a poor sheep torn by brambles, or wounded by the hunter's spear, that crawls under the shade to bleed, so this man covered over the wounds in his heart and bled in-

wardly. It is the lot of sensitive spirits greatly to enjoy and greatly to suffer.

I would like to speak of his downright honesty that made him so trusted and relied upon. I would like to speak of his great loving heart that folded in its embrace the children of his Sabbath school, the young men of his church, the members of his church, the brethren in the ministry, his Alma Mater and the seminary from which he graduated. I would like to speak at length of his evangelistic fervor, which was a marked feature of his work, in which he was something of a leader in the Presbyterian church of New York City, of the great ingathering of last year in which he did his last work, but I must not say too much even on this occasion.

But I am not content to stop just here. I am not satisfied to know that he served two churches in the same city and lifted debts off both of them. I am not satisfied to know that a thousand stars shine in his crown of rejoicing, I am not satisfied to know he had a warm and deep sympathy for men and that he manifested in all his career an earnestness and fervor for work. I seek to discover the secret

back of it; what was the flame burning in the holy of holy places of his soul. It has been difficult to find this. Dr. Wilson was reticent about his own spiritual experiences. He was careful to avoid any mention of the choicer things God gave him to know and feel in his own soul. There was a *light* in the room of his soul, you knew it for its illumination shone through the windows, but what oil fed it, what experiences sustained this ceaseless energy, what life flowing into his kept spiritual energy up to the brim notwithstanding the constant expenditure? A true minister writes out of his heart as well as out of his mind and heart must be nourished and supplied as well as mind and where does the supply come from? Shall I tell it? It is an open secret, but the deep secret of every pious successful life. It was an individual hold upon God. He honored God. He trusted God. He lived with God. These last five years of fight with sickness, debate with discouragement, cheerfulness always on top could never have been lived as he lived them if he had not been sustained by that grace which is sufficient for every need. This last year of life, which I consider to be the most beautiful year of

his life, praying, trusting, leaving everything with God day by day; interested to the last in everything, hopeful, cheerful to the last, is such an example and lesson to his people and to myself that I pray God we may never forget it.

The record of such a life, recited in such a place as this and in the hearing of such an audience as this shapes itself into an *appeal.* It becomes a *voice* crying in your *midst.*

It has a message to the young men who have stood around him in young men's work for young men carried on by these churches of which he was pastor. And what is that message: *The power and blessing of individual effort.* The efforts of a comrade brought this pastor to Christ and was the first cause under God of all that he has said and all that he has done. How that message is emphasized before you to-night. Why not, young men, gather yourselves together, into the Wilson Soul Winners' League and devote yourselves in memory of your pastor, to individual effort for the saving of souls? No other tie but love for Christ and for him and for each other and no other object than to save souls.

This voice has a message for the people of his charge. And what is it? *The wisdom of generous outlay of self for others.* Give freely of your sympathy, of your substance, of yourself.

> "The heart that gives most freely of its substance
> Hath the more.
> And in giving love you bind it like
> An amulet of safety to your heart forevermore."

You will never regret giving yourself to others. It may meet with no thankful response. It may be forgotten in cold ingratitude, indeed those whom you help may turn again and rend you, but you are more blessed in the giving than in the hoarding. He gave his life in all its stores freely to you all. He kept back nothing. Sometimes you have felt to chide him for his exceeding wealth of personal giving. But you would not have it otherwise to day. You will remember longest his generosity to you in this regard. And so will it be with you. Happiness for the time being and remembrance, after you have gone, are yours in return for your generous outlay of self.

And shall I say one more word? I hesitate to say it. I know not what personal messages from the dying bed Col. Shephard has to tell you.

But I know that Dr. Wilson died with one hope ungratified. There are people in this congregation for whom he has prayed and labored for many years. They have been his warm personal friends. They have stood by his side in hours of darkness and storm. They gave him encouragement, sympathy and aid. But one thing they withheld and the one thing he desired most of all; their confession of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ and their public acknowledgement of Him. It is not too late. The glorified spirit of your pastor is not so lost in the felicities of Heaven as to be oblivious of what is going on here to night; nor so high ascended in bliss as to turn no thought down to the people over which God made him overseer. Oh! I beseech you by the mercies of God and by the prayers and tears of your beloved friend, do to-night, what you have too long delayed, give your hearts to Christ.

COL. ELLIOTT F. SHEPARD, one of the Trustees of the Church and a devoted friend of Dr. Wilson was privileged to have the last extended conversation with the dying Pastor on the Sabbath afternoon prior to his death.

To him the Pastor bequeathed the following pathetic messages to be delivered to the congregation.

Tell them to get a man of God to come after me, to look after men, to go from house to house, that is the way to do it. This church is so planted that for many years, in this city which needs it so much, it will be a great power for good.

Tell them to keep near to Christ, to search the Scriptures so He may be better known; to cling to Christ as their only hope; to give themselves to those interests which set forward His kingdom among men.

Tell them to pray constantly that the fellowship of the church, which has been so sweet to me, may be continued with unbroken harmony.

May the blessing of the Lord be upon all connected with the Central Presbyterian Church and their households.

I have great quietness and peace in believing. It has been my joy that God gave me strength to labor for their spiritual interest and I anticipate welcoming them to the glories of the Heavenly Kingdom.

Hymn written for this occasion by Rev. Charles Hall Everest, D.D. was then sung by Male Quartette.

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day."— 2d TIM. 4, 7 and 8.

Brave victor spirit! take thy rest;
Life's sharp, swift blows on shield and crest,
Could not defeat thee! but attest
The "good fight" thou hast fought.

Thy "course" with patience thou hast run;
The Master's greeting now is won,
The heavenly service is begun,
Thine earthly mission wrought.

And thou through tests of ill or good,
When tempters lurked or foe withstood,
Through paths of pain, through saddest mood
"The faith" unstained hast brought.

O, "more than conquerer"! rejoice!
In robes of light, with raptur'd voice
Enter the mansions of thy choice,
Wear thou the "crown" long sought.

RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE OFFICIAL BOARDS AND SOCIETIES OF THE CENTRAL PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

By the ELDERS, DEACONS AND TRUSTEES at a joint meeting held Monday Evening, May 14, 1888.

REV. JAMES D. WILSON, D.D.

JAMES D. WILSON was born of godly parents in Spring Mills, Center Co., Pa., on 3d April, 1836. He was educated at Academia, Pa., then went to Amherst College. While at College, he was converted through the faithful personal effort of a fellow student, and always honored the instrumentality of personal effort with individuals. He graduated from the Union Theological Seminary in 1863, and accepted the call to become the Pastor of the Spring Street Presbyterian Church in this City. His first sermon struck the key-note of his ministry, being from the text "Be ye therefore the followers of God as dear children."

It was a perilous time for old Spring Street Church. The time of removal "up-town" had deprived the church of a large portion of its efficient helpers of former years, and burdened with a heavy debt, it was a question whether Old Spring Street could live.

Dr. Wilson was instrumental in securing the co-operation of friends who aided materially in freeing the

church from debt. He was privileged to receive large ingatherings into the church during the six years of his pastorate there.

In January 1869, Dr. Wilson accepted the call to the Central Presbyterian Church. The congregation had removed from Broome Street, and had consolidated with the congregation, worshiping in the frame church building on West 50th Street. Soon thereafter lots were secured on West 56th and 57th Streets, between Broadway and 7th Avenue, and a brick chapel was erected on the 56th Street lots, and there the congregation worshiped until it was deemed expedient to erect the present church and chapel on West 57th Street. Before the work of building was completed, the dark financial clouds that hung over our country brought the storm and but for the hope, the courage, the faith and the zeal of Dr. Wilson, and the devoted sympathizers that rallied about him, the work could not have been carried through.

He lived, however, to see the church freed from debt and prosperous in all things temporal and spiritual. He has been the beloved Pastor of this church for nineteen years and his is the longest pastorate, save one, of all the pastors now connected with the New York Presbytery.

For five years he has been afflicted with disease, and from time to time he has been accorded seasons of rest, but such was his devotion to his work that he kept at his post when he should have laid aside his labors for a protracted time. He was accorded an extended period of rest from 1st June last, and he was looking forward with bright anticipation to resuming his pulpit and pastoral work from 1st October next.

Within a few days new complications arose in his disease, yet at 11 o'clock yesterday—the Sabbath—he penned the following lines to the congregation.

"The Pastor of the Church desires the earnest prayers of the congregation that God may restore him to health," and in the afternoon he calmly and peacefully gave to his household and members of his congregation his parting directions, he added—"I know which way the door will open and it is all right." Peacefully as the Sabbath hours closed at midnight, he entered upon his eternal rest.

To the weeping widow and the four sorrowing children we extend our heartfelt sympathies and assurances of our devoted love, and commend them to our Divine Lord who has said "I will not leave you comfortless."

To the great Head of the Church, who has blessed us with the ministrations of this faithful under Shepherd during these many years, we render our heartfelt thanks and confidently look for His continued presence and guidance of this dear church in all the time to come.

Of our beloved Pastor who has been called home this morning we can fittingly say:

Servant of God, well done;
Rest from they loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won;
Enter thy Master's joy.

Elders:

WM. MICKENS, WM. E. MAGIE,
WM. P. ROSS, BENJ. L. AMERMAN,
JOHN THOMPSON, DR. WM. A. EWING,
LEWIS JONES, JAMES YEREANCE.

Deacons:

CHARLES SIMPSON, SAM'L Y. CLARK,
DR. JOHN H. FRUITNIGHT, DR. CHAS. E. YOUNG,
ROBERT WILSON, FRED. W. SCHOONMAKER,
DR. CHAS. A. KINCH, CHAS. F. BROWN.

Trustees:

A. P. M. ROOME, ELLIOTT F. SHEPARD,
J. A. STRIKER, THOS. REID,
JOHN M. SCRIBNER, SAMUEL INSLEE,
HAMILTON BIGGAM, WM. M. EARL,
JOHN G. H. MEYERS.

By the WOMAN'S HOME AND FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY, May 22, 1888, resolved:

1st. That in the death of our beloved Pastor, Rev. James D. Wilson, D. D., we not only as individuals, but as a society, are greatly afflicted. We remember that Dr. Wilson presided at our first meeting and by his sympathy and kindly counsel helped to organize the Society.

2d. That he continued to manifest an interest in our success, so that we have always felt assured that we could rely upon his assistance in words or deeds that were appropriate and helpful, always cheerfully given when opportunity offered.

3d. That we recognize that our dear Mrs. Wilson has always been one of our most interested members; that she is one of ourselves, and that we feel for her the most sincere respect and affection.

4th. That we tender to Mrs. Wilson and family our most loving and tender sympathy. They seem very

near to us in this great sorrow, which has come to them and to us. Our heart's desire and prayer to God for them is, that the love of God may be very manifest to them, and though the Providence which has removed one so useful and so honored from our midst, seems inscrutable, may they receive that consolation which the Heavenly Comforter can give.

5th. That these Resolutions be recorded in the minutes of the Society, and that a copy of them shall be sent to Mrs. Wilson and her family.

MRS. S. I. YOUNG, *President.*
MRS. E. S. WEST, } *Secretaries.*
MISS C. H. TILLSON, }

By the YOUNG LADIES' BENEVOLENT SOCIETY, May 18, 1888.

With sadness and sorrow we record our great bereavement in the loss of our faithful pastor, the Rev. James D. Wilson, D. D.

Always bright and cheery, tireless in his work, regardless of himself, and wonderfully sympathetic, he has done much to arouse a feeling of universal sympathy for others.

As a result of his efforts this Society was formed. He consecrated our first meeting with prayer and in all our work he has been our strong encouragement.

He cannot again meet with us, but his influence will always remain. Our organization, hallowed by the memory of his pure, saintly life, has a sacred endowment, for which we are sincerely thankful to our Heavenly Father.

To our dear Honorary President, Mrs. Wilson and family, we offer our heartfelt sympathy.

Resolved, that these resolutions shall be recorded in the minutes of the Society, and a copy of them be sent to Mrs. Wilson, and her family.

ANNA G. YOUNG, *President.*
AMANDA E. SIMPSON, *Secretary.*
MRS. C. T. BRUSH, *Treasurer.*

By the Mission Band "KING'S CHILDREN," May 25, 1888.

Whereas, Our Heavenly Father in His infinite wisdom has called to Himself our beloved pastor, Rev. J. D. Wilson, D.D., after months of illness and suffering, therefore it is on motion,

Resolved, That we, the children of this church offer to Mrs. Wilson and her family, one of whom is a member of our own little circle, our heartfelt sympathy in this great sorrow, with the earnest prayer that God will comfort them as He only can.

Resolved, That we will cherish tenderly the memory of this beloved pastor; his loving counsels to us and his prayers for us, and we will endeavor through life to follow him, even as he followed Christ our Saviour, whether in active duty or in the prostration of sickness.

Resolved, That these resolutions be entered on the minutes of the Mission Band and that a copy shall be sent to Mrs. Wilson and her family.

MRS. E. S. WEST, *President.*

WILBUR F. HOLT, *Secretary.*

By the YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETY OF CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR, May 14, 1888.

Whereas, By our beloved pastor, Rev. James D. Wilson, D.D., having been called to his Eternal Home, this Church loses a kind, faithful, and tender shepherd, the Young People a judicious and loving advisor, and each one of us a staunch, firm friend; and,

Whereas, The sorrow comes most heavily to the bereaved family who have had taken from them, through the wisdom of our Heavenly Father, a true and devoted husband and a wise and affectionate parent; and

Whereas, we earnestly desire that this afflicting dispensation may be sanctified to their and our spiritual welfare; be it

Resolved, That the warmest sympathies of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, of the Central Presbyterian Church, be extended to the sorrowing family in this their time of deep distress.

C. M. WHEELOCK, *President.*
M. L. TAYLOR, *Secretary.*

SERMONS

OF

Rev. James D. Wilson, D.D.

It would be impracticable to publish in this Memorial Volume many of Dr. Wilson's sermons, but from the large number which he preached during the twenty-five years of his ministry the following three sermons are herewith published.

SERMON

ON THE DEATH OF HIS FATHER,

PETER WILSON,

Delivered in the Central Presbyterian Church, New York City, March 21, 1886.

The glory of children is their fathers.—PROV. xvii. 6.

THE old Hebrew life had very little ornament or perfume about it, but taken altogether it was a wholesome life. The Israelites were a plain people, but they were strong and true. They had strength because with them life was rooted in the home. From the very beginning the tent, not the forum, the family abode, not the market place, was the centre of power. Here parental love shed its hallowed light; here parental authority ruled supreme. Children came to feel that the dearest spot on earth was the place where they were cradled, and the best treasure they could possibly possess was that which came from a noble ancestry. This feeling crystallized into a Hebrew

proverb, which has been written out for us in our text: "The glory of children is their fathers."

Parents confer upon their children a double glory.

I. It often occurs that children are honored for the father's sake. Mephibosheth, as you will remember, was neither an interesting nor a comely person. Standing alone, he was a very ordinary man; but he had a good father. And King David knew his father; he knew that Jonathan was brave, a splendid soldier, a firm and true friend; and for the sake of the old friendship he gave Mephibosheth a home in Jerusalem and a place at the king's table.

Some of you here to-day have been prospered in life, and perhaps are tempted to attribute it to your own sagacity, or energy, or thrift. Have you ever stopped to inquire how many doors have been opened how many favors have been granted, how many comforts enjoyed, entirely apart from any personal worthiness of your own? It may be that your father was a business man in this city. He was well and widely known. Men trusted him, loved him, honored him, and, without saying anything about it, have dealt kindly with you and helped you because you were your father's child.

Many of us, if we look carefully at our lives, would see that they are flowing in channels of success and comfort cut years ago by the fidelity of good people who went before us.

An eminent Christian used to thank God for concealed mercies. Among these secret mercies none is more real, none more precious, than the influence of a good ancestry.

II. Apart from external blessings, there is another glory that comes to children from their fathers. I know not how better to express it than to say a light, a beautiful light, shines upon them, streaming from the bosom of parental love.

The earth, with all its seas and rivers and mountains, would be without any radiance or glory except for the touch of the sun, which begins with dawn and broadens out into the perfect day. So the lives of children would be dismal indeed without the sweet mantling of that affection which begins with the cradle and broadens and deepens as the mother sacrifices and the father toils on through the years for the happiness of their children. Among all the affections of our nature, nothing can equal the power of parental love. With what prayers and tears, with what watching and anx-

iety, does it hold on to its purpose, until the helpless babe has been brought up to the strength of manhood or of womanhood!

More is done by parents in the way of sacrifice and self-denial than children can possibly appreciate until they have homes and offspring of their own.

There is not a man among us who, when he recollects that he is indebted under God for almost all he has and is to those who have gone before him, but will say: "Yes, 'tis true, whatever measure of success or reward comes from personal efforts, still 'The glory of children is their fathers;' and the best we can do to honor them is but a poor requital for the wealth of tenderness and affection with which they have enriched our lives."

You will pardon me to-day, I know, if I take up the threads of your life, and intertwine them with my own.

Last Sabbath morning, while you were worshiping here, I was sitting in the old home, looking out on the stream and the trees, and trying to realize, for the first time in my life, what it meant to be "fatherless." The night before, he whom I so long had loved and honored said, "I am tired: let me go home." And as the quiet sun began to flood the valley, he who had

journeyed eight and eighty years dropped his pilgrim staff, passed through the City's gate, and was at home with God.

Why should I hesitate in this presence to speak of my father? Though seldom here, no one watched over the interests of this church more earnestly, or prayed for it more fervently, than he. And if any words of help have come to you from this sacred desk, or any light fallen upon your life from the ministration of your pastor, believe me that, under God, it was owing in large measure to that good man who last Sabbath exchanged earth for Heaven. I come this morning to pay my tribute to his memory, feeling that, if I did not speak, the whispering trees above his grave and the walls of the old family home would rebuke my ingratitude. And I speak the more freely to you, because we have so long wrought and worshiped together that our sorrows and joys are in a measure a common inheritance, and I need keep nothing back.

He of whom I speak loved this people, and in a certain sense was a friend and father to you all.

In my father's history we have illustrated the beauty of Christian Quietness. There was something in his nature that shunned display. He was undemonstrative.

Some would have thought him reserved; but he had a heart as genial and cheerful and gentle as a child. He was reserved only that he might not seem to say more than he meant to say. The first thing with him was truthfulness, the next fidelity. He felt that to be truthful a man must not say too much, and to be faithful he must not waste much energy in mere outside show. He seemed to have drunk into his inmost spirit the words of Paul: "Study to be quiet, and to do your own business, and to work with your own hands, . . . that you may lack nothing."

My father had an old-fashioned notion that men were placed in the world to be kind, and thoughtful, and neighborly; but it was not intended that they should meddle with other people's affairs. His thought was never consumed by interests that did not concern him, and so, untroubled by contention or criticism, he went right forward with the work in hand. No matter what the provocation, I never heard him speak a harsh or an unkind word. His theory was, that common sense, and time, and the providence of God, would right a wrong far quicker than threats and malediction. As a result, when old age came on, there were no misgivings, no regrets.

In the summer you have seen the sun stand on the horizon as if he had forgotten to move, his brightness softened by vapor, large, round, and full. So my father lingered at the gates of life, serene and peaceful, his last years the richest and ripest, his influence quiet but pervading, quickening with its touch and inspiring with its power every part of the community in which he dwelt.

My friends, it is all a mistake to suppose that influence is to be measured by stir and noise. The mightiest forces are silent. They come not in lightening-stroke, but in the touch of the dawn and the dew. Quiet lives reach the farthest, last the longest, and in every way garner the most beneficent results.

In my father's life we see the beauty of Christian Faith. The quietness that breathed a Sabbath peace through all his conduct did not spring from any lack of energy. The forces of his nature were strong, but were restrained, controlled, directed, by the power of faith. Not only so, he believed that by education, by discipline, God was preparing every man for some service worthy of himself, if that man would only stand in his lot and do his duty. His sphere of effort was limited. The great world knew nothing and cared noth-

ing for the simple life that was lived in the hush of the valley. He understood this; but it gave him no uneasiness, for he believed that men were sent into the world not to make a stir and tumult, but to honor their Maker. It never seemed to come to him that things had gone wrong in the universe because he was not a hero or a leader. He was content to be simply what he was—a plain man, busied with familiar things and desiring to make the power of religion manifest, not in any startling achievement, but in the ordinary duties of a common life.

Born before the beginning of this century, my father watched with ever increased surprise the progress of invention. He used to tell us of the olden time when matches were unknown, and flint and punk and powder lighted the morning fire; how that his mother would spin all the summer long, and in the autumn the tailor came, and the shoemaker, each in his turn, to prepare the family for the winter's cold. He had reached man's estate before the first steam-engine was constructed. He felt the thrill of surprise that startled the world when the telegraph was invented. He lived to see our government grow from a few feeble States till the arch of its power spanned the width of a con-

tinent. The expression on his lips more frequently than any other was this: "How the world has changed since I was a boy! I wonder what it will be a hundred years from this time."

My father's spirit was hopeful. He believed the world was a pleasant place to live in, and was growing better every day. Change, to his thought, meant progress; and all advance in knowledge, art, and science was only the instrument of Providence by which to hasten Christ's kingdom. That confidence in God which made the world bright kept his heart restful when its brightness was overshadowed.

Meeting calamity, he was strong, and patient, and uncomplaining. His was a happy home, if ever there was one in the world; but bereavement came. I have seen him take his staff and travel up the hills to the country churchyard, and point out to the men the resting place for his dead. I have seen him go upon this sad journey again and again, until every one in the home was gone but himself, yet I never heard him say, "It is hard." Quietly, with bowed head, he sat by the window alone, and thought and thought; but he never murmured. What was this but Divine power in the human soul? What was this but faith, victor-

ious, triumphant over adversity, rising to sing at the very gates of Heaven ?

The patriarch of whom I speak might have pleaded unfitness to do Christian work. He had no facility in speech. Public effort of any kind was difficult for him. His prayer at the family altar was always the same prayer; but we never tired of it, because we knew there was an honest life behind it. For half a century he was a Christian disciple, for thirty years an elder of the church. In 1828 he assisted in organizing a Sabbath-school, of which he was Superintendent at the time of his death. He was the oldest Sabbath-school superintendent in the world. At the age of eighty-eight he was found in his place, leading in the opening and closing of the school. "Present at every session, late at none," was written upon the testimonial he received, with other officers and teachers, at the close of a year's work shortly before his labors ended. No discourse I ever listened to so touched my heart as to hear those aged lips proclaim the goodness of God, when, at the close of the school every Sabbath, he would say, "Now, children, let us repeat together the Twenty-third Psalm—'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.'" And as his voice failed with the

coming on of infirmities, and the frame stooped under the weight of years, it seemed as if he could see with a clearer vision what was meant when he came to that verse, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." And to the very letter this promise was fulfilled. Last Sabbath day he who for years delighted to shepherd the little children took the Shepherd's hand himself, and walked quietly through the valley to the fields of light beyond.

And now, my dear people, though father, mother, sisters, are all gone, we faint not, neither are we disheartened. Nay, we look upward and forward; for with the Pilgrim of old, "Just as the gates were opened to let them in, I looked in after them, and behold, the city shone like the sun, the streets also were all paved with gold, and in them walked many men with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps, to praise withal. And after that they shut up the gates: which when I had seen, I wished myself among them."

SERMON

BY

Rev. Dr. Wilson.

John xx; 8.—"Then went in also that other disciple."

AFFECTION never brooks delay. When love prompts the errand, the feet are always quick to move. On the morning of Christ's resurrection Mary Magdalen brought to the disciples tidings of the empty tomb. At once Peter and John started forth to verify her word. They consulted neither their dignity nor their ease. Eager only to find out the truth, we are told "they ran both together to the sepulchre." Keep that picture before your eye. The two grave apostles running through the streets, rushing along the narrow paths in Joseph's garden, coming with a kind of tumultuous surprise and joy to the burial place of Christ. Eagerness, haste, energy, this is the apostolic way, and this is the true method in Christian service of any kind to-day. Our temptation is to wait and linger, to take our time and go leisurely about doing good. For success in winning the world to God we need more

vehemence, more quickness, more running power in the church. Shun that spirit that puts indifference and slow-waiting on the sovereignty of God for religion, and rejoice when the world censures you for haste and ardor in the cause of your Master. So they both ran together; and the other disciple did outrun Peter. This was natural. Peter was the older of the two, and had, as we may well suppose, neither the swiftness nor vigor, nor endurance of his companion. Yet because he fell behind in the race, he did not give up the effort. He was too manly, his heart was too firmly fixed on his errand for that. If in business, in study, or in any kind of benevolent work one who seems your equal and started with you outstrips you, do not on that account stand still, or turn back, but in proportion as the enterprise is noble gird up your loins, and make after him as fast as you can. Peter had not the speed of his companion, but the time came when he was just as far along on the journey, and in fact, helped John to complete the errand, which without his help, would have remained unfulfilled. Brought up in the same town, for years partners in the same business, John and Peter had become inseparable friends. Their friendship had been refined and en-

nobled by intercourse with Christ, and just having gone through the strain and trial of the crucifixion time, their hearts were now knit together with a new devotion. They seemed to be of one mind and soul, yet in many things they were exceedingly unlike. In fact, this unlikeness was what made them so valuable to each other. Looking-glass friendships are never desirable. If a man pleases you because he is simply a reflection of yourself; if he says no when you say no, and yes when you say yes, he is not the man to help you cure defects, or get inspiration from your virtues. Peter was abrupt and fiery; John thoughtful and deep. Peter's ardor was held in check by John's quietness of temper; and John's caution was conqured by Peter's boldness. Of this we have a striking illustration in our text. The swift-of-foot came first to the sepulchre, but was too cautious to go further. Coming up a moment later the impulsive apostle went in at once. "Then went in that other disciple also." Peter was simply following out his own nature, and without knowing it, drew John in after him. And John without knowing it, moved by the bravery of his friend, followed to the spot where he also saw and believed the truth of the Resurrection. An intrepid man leads a doubter. A

disciple with misgivings follows one who knows not fear, and neither of them at the time thought of any power either being exerted or received. This incident suggests as our theme for this morning, *the operation of insensible influence.*

First, the *nature* of unconscious influence.

A stone on the highway exerts no power on the stone beside it. It does not warm or chill, it does not increase or diminish it; but men are marvelously created both to give and receive influence. They cannot help it. It is born in them. It is just as impossible for men to be rooted in life without affecting by their presence and power other men around them, as it is for a tree to be rooted in the earth and grow up beneath the sun without casting its shade upon the trees and plants and flowers near at hand. There is a form of influence with which we are familiar. We use it and study to make it available every day. It is voluntary influence. That which we exert intentionally and for a purpose. We argue, we pursuade we urge men to come into our way of thinking. With a direct purpose the advocate seeks to influence the jury. The teacher to influence the scholar, and the parent his child. On this principle schools are founded, churches

built, papers published and scattered broadcast through the land. When you can measure the volume of water, the mountains from all their cliffs, ravines and crevices send down to the sea, then you can form an idea of the vast aggregate of power men consciously exert by speech, by example, by setting forth in numberless ways their thought and emotion. But aside from all this, apart entirely from what we do by design, there is a power raying forth from us which we are wholly unconscious of producing. Peter meant to enter and examine the sepulchre. He never turned to look for John, to see what he was about to do, or to call him to follow. Intent only upon his errand, the last thing he thought of was the power of his example; yet all the while, his personal boldness was beating down the doubts of his companion and drawing him forward with irresistible power. It is just so in life. Men with direct and conscious effort seek to accomplish an object, and meanwhile, some peculiarity of disposition some old habit coming to the surface, does a work of which they are not dreaming. A work which aids their enterprise, or, it may be, carries everything the other way. A man sits down with you in conference; he speaks wisely, yet he speaks abruptly, impatiently.

You forget his wisdom, you remember only his abruptness. His wisdom as an element of power goes for nothing. There are places along our sea coast where the strongest swimmer cannot reach the shore. The waves seem to be in his favor. They move landward and chase each other up the beach. But beneath the surface all unseen there is a force at work. The undertow catches him and carries him out into the deep where escape is impossible. In like manner there is often an undercurrent in a man's life. On the surface he makes a movement toward virtue, honesty, or religion perhaps, while without his appreciating the fact the whole drift and tenor of his example is toward infidelity and sin. Some time ago a gentleman was startled by hearing a jeweler say to him as he was comparing his watch with the chronometer in the office, "has that watch been regulated for *you*?" "What do you mean?" he replied. "I mean that the same watch will go differently when worn by different men." It may seem strange to us but all intelligent watch-makers recognize the fact that there is some subtle unknown influence that streams from a man's person which affects the metallic springs and wheels of the time piece in his pocket. It is thus every one

carries about with him a force peculiarly his own. It is lodged in temper, disposition, character, and silently while he is not thinking of its influence, is affecting the welfare of every one around him.

Second, the *power* of unconscious influence.

What costs effort, we are likely to value. That which reports itself, we are likely to notice and count of some importance. Because involuntary influence is silent and hidden, we are apt to pass it by as of little moment; whereas its reach and its results are far greater than what springs from intention or design. There are two reasons for this. Insensible influence is constant. Even if you had the desire, it is beyond your strength to be always teaching. You cannot if you would be always actively doing good. Among the best, a direct, conscious effort to guide men into truth occurs only at intervals. It is spasmodic, fitful, uncertain. But involuntary influence is constant. It is like the pulse, while the lips are silent, and hands idle, it keeps beating on, and with every throb pours fresh vigor into the fountains of life. The lightning descends. The rock stands unmoved under its stroke. But the dropping of the rain wears the rock away. It is the constant touch of little increments of power that

tells. And this is what gives to our undesigned influence its potency. The gateway of unconscious influence stands wide open always. Whether we speak or are silent, whether we take leisure or toil; character taste, temperament are doing their quiet work upon those among whom we move. But not only has insensible influence greater power because of its constant action, there is a second fact to be noticed. It meets with less obstruction than influence which is designed. You wish to convince a man of a truth which is unwelcome to him. He sees your purpose. You begin to speak and he says to himself, "I will not be persuaded," and settles himself down to resist you. You set in array one argument after another like heavy cannon to batter down the citadel, and he brings out one prejudice after another to strengthen the walls and the probability is that after all your labor he will be more fixed, more determined in his opinion than ever before. On the other hand, involuntary influence takes men when off their guard. They are not prepared for resistance, they have no disposition to resist. It falls gently and silently upon them like the dew out of the sky. Like the blessing of Heaven, it creeps down into their inmost heart and carries everything before it.

The testimony of a blameless life goes through a community like fragrance from a garden of flowers. Without stir or noise the very atmosphere carries it abroad and men are persuaded without being aware of having received any impression. They are led towards virtue without knowing that they have been wrought upon at all. Whatever then may have been your thought heretofore upon this matter, no longer despise your insensible influence. What you do by your character, not meaning to do it, is far more fruitful for good or evil than what you accomplish by direct effort. Examples of this kind multiply on every hand. Any ordinary neighborhood, almost any day, will furnish an illustration. A farmer, for example, goes to make his home in a community of lazy, thriftless farmers. Land is cheap. Bad tillage has stripped it, and made it bare. He goes to this new place intending by his industry to make the barren acres fertile and surround his family with comforts, and get means with which to educate his children. In this he succeeds. But meanwhile, he is producing a result he never intended. His neighbors seeing his thrift, begin to catch from him the spirit of enterprise, a score of farms soon show signs of careful tillage, a score of families

are surrounded with comforts and blessed with culture. What he did meaning to do it, was noble, but what he did unconsciously was nobler, greater far. For a whole valley was made to bloom and blossom like the rose. If then involuntary influence is so vast, so far reaching, how can we make it a good influence? This is a vital question. We answer simply and only, by being good. If you are bad, your influence will be bad. You may put on a mask, may watch your actions, and now and then make a show at piety but the house you live in has windows. It is transparent. Men will see into you, and see through you; if you are bad at heart you will lead them toward wickedness, and the results of your life will be polluted and defiled. A clock in the village failed to keep the true time. It was up in the tower of the church, and the people wondered if the wind did not shake the town too much, or if the clock would not go better if less exposed to the storm. The sexton would regularly pull up the weights, two or three times a week he would adjust the hands, but all to no purpose. The old clock would still move fast and slow, as it pleased. By and by the clock-maker came. He did not stop to look at the face, or fix the hands. He went into the tower and

righted the machinery that was hidden there. When that was adjusted there was no more trouble. Winter and summer, in storm and sunshine, the old clock correctly marked the flying hours. If your influence is wrong, if like the clock you are leading men astray, do not imagine that the storms of life are buffeting you, or the temptations of life shaking you too much. Do not be satisfied with externals, with painting the face or fixing the hands. Go right down into the secret recesses of your nature where the main-springs of action lie; by prayer, by faith, by the inworking of the Holy Ghost have your heart set right, and good influences will radiate from you without watching or urgency of any kind. Are any of you wondering why you have done so little good hitherto? Are any parents perplexed to know why their children remain irreligious? You teach them the value of piety, you tell them to revere the Sabbath and honor God's house; and yet, your children are wayward, thoroughly given up to pleasure and worldliness. I know you have taken into account the effect of your voluntary influence, but have you thought of your involuntary influence? Perhaps, while you have at intervals been making a stir about piety, and observing the external

of religion, your children see that your heart is not in it. That what is done for the truth is done coldly, from a sense of duty and not with an eagerness and glow of joy. It is all in vain for us to seek to do good to others, until we ourselves at heart are good. As one has well said, " If the sun without his beams should talk to the planets and argue with them to the final day, it would not make them shine. There must be light in the sun itself." And this, my brethren, is what God intends for you all. It is the great idea of His gospel and the work of His spirit to make you lights in the world. His greatest joy is to give you character, beautify your example and make of you depositories for His almighty grace. Come then you that are downcast, you that are weak and imagine yourselves of little worth in the world. Draw near to the throne of the omnipotent Saviour. Bow at his feet, and say, " search me, O God, and know my heart; try me and know my thought, and see if there be any evil in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

In closing permit me to emphacize a thought of comfort. If we are responsible for involuntary results; if aside from what we mean to do, there is going out from us an unconscious influence for which we are accountable,

what rest or peace can we have. Must we not be constantly watching the look of the eye, the smile of the face, and every movement of the hand or foot? Who would not ponder with gloom the evil he may be sowing broadcast without knowing it? My friends, you need not fear. A moment's sober thought will put to flight such sad misgivings. If you love God, if your character is rooted in truth and righteousness, do not distress yourself with any intricate analysis of feeling, with watching and adjusting the minute points of conduct. Keep near to the Saviour of men. Then, trust yourself, give yourself freedom. Let your life roll glad and unfettered like a river, and without thinking of it, like the river your influence will carry freshness and life and beauty all abroad. Unconscious of exerting any power, you will be continually leading others towards God and Heaven.

"Then went in that other disciple also."

BEAUTY FOR ASHES.

AN EASTER SERMON.

BY

REV. JAMES D. WILSON, D. D.,

Pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church.

ISAIAH lxi., 3.—"To give unto them beauty for ashes."

THE prophet here declares the purpose of Christ's mission to the world. It is to bring a new spirit out of the very dust and decay of life. It is to quicken humanity wherever He touches it, giving "beauty for ashes." The present hour is full of this thought. In the roll of the seasons the sun long absent has returned again. He stoops royally toward the earth. Under his smile streams will break their icy fetters, verdure will clothe the fields, and we soon shall have all the beauty of the spring, instead of the cold, dead ashes of the winter. Nor is this all. The Easter festival has come to us again. And, as if in harmony with Nature, the Christian Church puts on

garments of gladness and sings aloud for joy. Amid worshiping assemblies what means the breath of the flowers? What means the triumphant music? In thought around a rock-hewn tomb believers are gathered. Within that tomb lay, pillowed in death, the King of the Universe, the Lord of Salvation. In the gloom of that sepulchre, covered with its dust, veiled by its darkness, lay for a season all the hope and comfort of a sin-wrecked world. And shall the rocks never yield? Of the Christ who healed the sick, and walked the sea, and raised the dead, of that Christ shall there be left nothing but a heap of ashes in Joseph's tomb? Nay, surely! Behold there is a flash of light in the sky. An angel descends, and Christ comes forth clothed with majesty. And while the disciples look upon their risen Lord and sing their Easter anthem, as by a secret inspiration they are drawn to think of that power which, according to prophecy, gives back to them, in the person of their Lord, "beauty for ashes." Thus, with a double emphasis, is brought home to our hearts the truth of the text.

In considering its teaching, notice two points—the contrast presented and the law here announced.

1st. *The contrast presented.* The prophet points

to ashes on one side and beauty on the other. The antithesis is very striking. Let fire consume an organized body, a tree for example, and when beauty is gone and pillared strength is gone, and life is gone, all that you have left is a heap of ashes. Ashes are the symbol of nothingness. They represent desolation, weakness, overthrow. How different with beauty. It represents life and energy and gladness. The old Greeks had one word to describe the universe. They called it kosmos—beauty, because in their view all nature was filled with the spirit of harmony. And so we find God has wrought beauty into the very framework of the world. It is not hung up here and there, as pictures are hung upon the walls of a dwelling; it is not the mere frost work and ornament of nature, but one of the objects for which nature exists. Hence beauty is found everywhere. It sparkles in the color of an insect's wing and shines resplendent in the morning sky.

But we must not be content with resting in the material. There is a loveliness besides that of insect, flower or star. There is what the Psalmist calls the beauty of holiness, the beauty of the Lord. It is the purity, the clearness, the infinite splendor and lustre of God's perfect nature, like a radiant jewel full of interior light,

without color or stain or flaw. Among men there is a beauty of character as well as a beauty of form. Patience is beautiful, and gentleness and self-sacrificing love. It is the looking out of this loveliness of spirit through the portals of the visible which we so much admire. You have noticed plain features lighted up with the enthusiasm of a noble nature. These are the features that bid defiance to the camera or the canvas. They cannot be caught; they cannot be fixed in utter stillness.

Beauty, then, is the expression of inward spiritual loveliness, life and power; just as ashes are the symbol of emptiness and death. Such is the contrast presented in our text.

Notice in the second place: *The law announced.* Christ comes, and at once a marvelous change is wrought. He touches humanity at its lowest point. All the shattered fragments of spiritual power are quickened, strengthened, clothed with loveliness. Take, for example, the influence of Christianity in its broadest sense as affecting communities, tribes, nations. It always brings a new life out of the old ashes. In this respect Christian civilization stands unrivaled. Rome possessed solid government, arts, and a certain

degree of order and elegance in its outward life; but it had no power whatever to regenerate the nations. The Roman army crossed the Channel and pierced the forests of Britain; but when it retreated the barbarians were just as corrupt, blind, and cruel as when the first legion touched their shores. How different the result when the Gospel host moves to an invasion! Wherever the Cross is uplifted in power, there virtue, social order, intelligence are sure to follow. Fifty years ago the Fiji Islands were inhabited by 200,000 people. They were all cannibals, filthy, fierce and cruel. Among them the highest price of human life was a whale's tooth. To-day in these Islands the Sabbath bell calls 140,000 worshipers to the sanctuary. All over that wide domain there are fertile fields, prosperous villages; the industries of life thriving under the hand of a law-abiding, peaceful people. And why this change? Because fifty years ago Christ, in the person of His missionaries, passed that way and gave unto them "beauty for ashes."

And it is just so in family life. Whenever Christ comes to abide in the house, jealousy and discontent and selfishness fly from His presence. He gives peace instead of confusion, and beauty for ashes.

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This law is still more pronounced in its effect upon individual character. When a man is wrecked by wrong-doing, you know how thorough the destruction is. It strikes to the very foundation of life. Let the fire of passion be kindled, and it consumes so entirely every element of virtue that there is nothing but ashes left. The pistol shot of the suicide is often only the echo of the soul's despairing cry, uttered above the ashes of its own emptiness. Yet no man need despair. We are forever trying to save the righteous; but poor, forlorn and wretched dying men Christ came to save. When we build we select the straightest timber, we choose the most perfect stone. Redeeming love pursues a different method. It helps infirmities. For those broken off in life it does just what Elisha did for the widow of Zarephath. It takes the old remnant, and out of that brings salvation. It matters not, then, what your past has been, the future is full of hope. Look with faith upon the risen Christ, and out of the fragment of your broken life He will bring order, strength, and peace unspeakable.

There is still another phase in the outworking of this law, different though no less important than those already mentioned.

Not only to the devout disciple, but to the man who seldom enters a church, even to him there is great meaning in the event we celebrate. In the hurry of buying and selling, in the excitement of watching the markets, the grave may be forgotten, eternity crowded out of mind. But this man of business looks ahead; he can see that this well-to-do life of his cannot always last; there will come an end. Sometimes as he looks from his store window down upon the crowded street he thinks of his little children that sleep under the flowers on the hillside and of the time he will lie down to sleep with them. And he questions with himself what does it all mean, this eagerness in trade, this heat of ambition, this fretting haste to be rich, what is the end of it all but a heap of dust in the churchyard? Is there a life beyond, is there another country? Ah, well for that man that the chant of the Easter anthem is in the air. Well for him that through the heart of the world is echoing the refrain, "Christ is risen, Christ is risen." For now he is assured of immortality beyond. The gates of the future are thrown wide open. Another and a nobler existence awaits him. Not only so, but those who have gone out of the household since Christ has risen are not gone forever. Forms have vanished,

voices been hushed, for awhile; but our dead are not lost to us. They shall be ours again in all the sweetness of that fellowship which once made earth like a vestibule of Heaven.

Go forth, then, under the bright Easter sky and say to your friends and neighbors in the very words of your risen Lord: "All hail!" Be not afraid! do not fear any coming shadow! do not fear any possible misfortune! life was not meant for gloom, but gladness. The tomb in Joseph's garden is empty. Out of it have come treasures that enrich the world beyond our highest thought; treasures of hope and inspiration to new and nobler endeavor. The dawn of Easter Day appeals to every man to begin his life afresh. It pleads with him to quit old mistakes and follies, and rise to walk with Christ, whose advancing power is leading on the world toward broader views of truth and sweeter sympathy with real goodness wherever found. Let us rejoice, then, in this blessed Eastertide. Hearts are purer, homes are happier; Heaven is more of a reality, because He lives, and shall live, forever, whose special errand among men is to give them "beauty for ashes."

As a fitting close to this Memorial Volume, the following lines clipped from a newspaper were found in DR. WILSON'S Scrap Book after his decease. He had found them somewhere, cherished them and therefore as his own selection they are here added.

"NOT DEAD, BUT RISEN."

(FROM THE ARABIC.)

He who died in Azim sends
This to comfort all his friends:—

Faithful friends! It lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow;
And ye say, "Abdallah's dead!"
Weeping at the feet and head.
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile and whisper this,—
I am not the thing you kiss:
Cease your tears, and let it lie;
It *was* mine, it is not I.

Sweet friends! what the women lave,
For the last sleep of the grave,
Is a hut which I am quitting,—
Is a garment no more fitting,—
Is a cage from which at last,

Like a bird my soul has passed.
Love the inmate, not the room—
The wearer, not the garb—the plume
Of the eagle, not the bars
That kept him from those splendid stars!

Loving friends! Be wise, and dry
Straightway every weeping eye;
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a single tear.
'Tis an empty sea-shell—one
Out of which the pearl has gone;
The shell is broken—it lies there;
The pearl, the all, the soul is here.
'Tis an earthen jar whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of his treasury,
A mind that loved him; let it lie!
Let the shard be earth's once more,
Since the gold is in his store!

Allah glorious! Allah good!
Now thy world is understood;
Now the long, long wonder ends!
Yet ye weep, my erring friends,
While the man whom you call dead,
In unspoken bliss, instead,
Lives and loves you; lost 'tis true,
For the light that shines for you;
But, in the light ye cannot see,
Of undisturbed felicity—
In a perfect paradise
And a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends! But not farewell:
Where I am, ye too shall dwell,
I am gone before your face,
A moment's worth, a little space.
When ye come where I have slept,
Ye will wonder why ye wept;
Ye will know, by true love taught,
That here is all, and there is naught;
Weep awhile, if ye are fain—
Sunshine still must follow rain;
Only not at death—for death,
Now we know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, which is of all life center.

Be ye certain all seems love,
Viewed from Allah's throne above!
Be ye stout of heart, and come
Bravely onward to your home!
La-il Allah! Allah la!
O love divine! O love alway!